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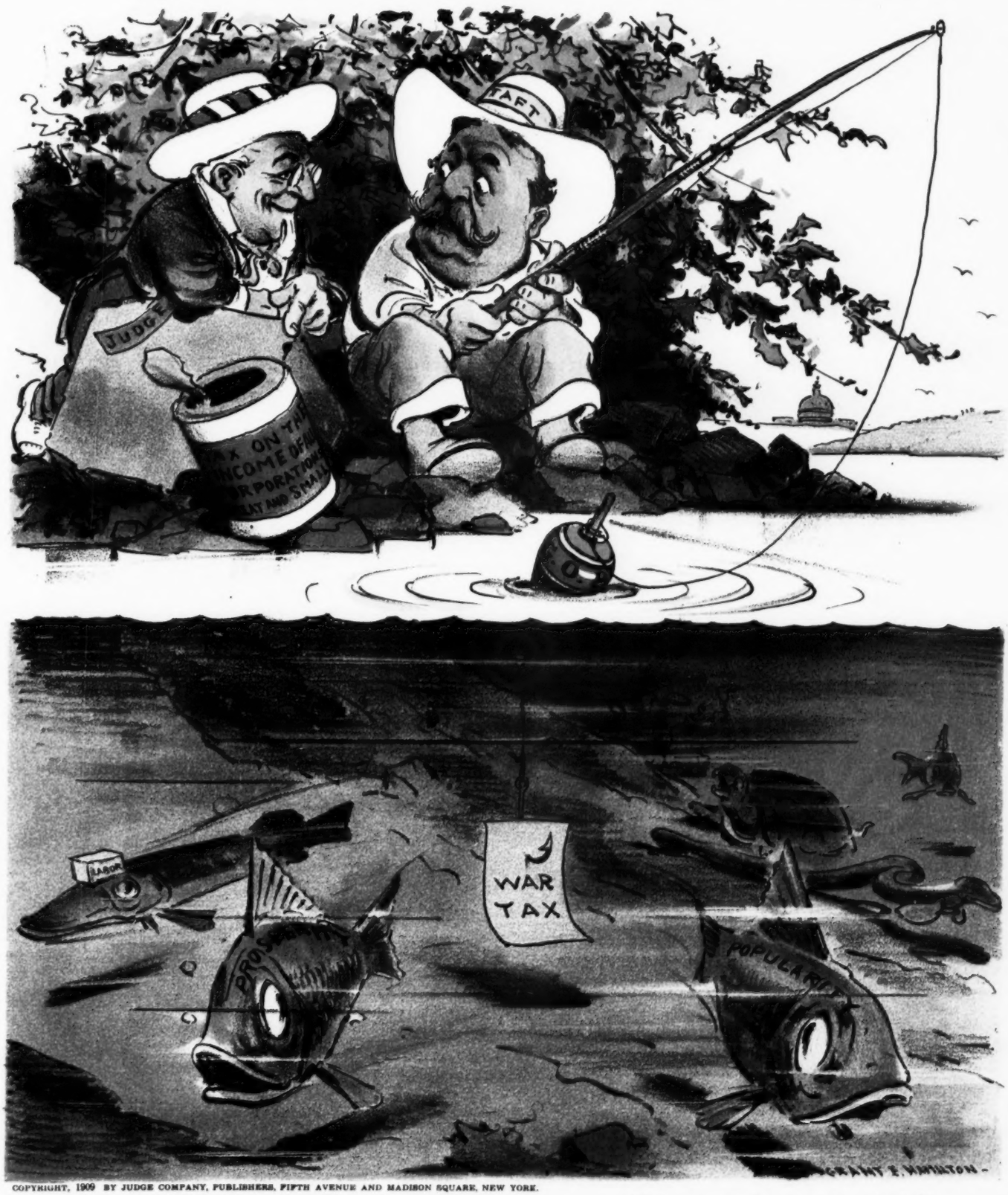
JUDGE



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JUDGE—"Bill, if you expect to catch anything you will have to change your bait!"

Judge

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HE DID HIS DUTY AS HE SAW IT.

THEODORE A. BINGHAM, Brigadier-General U. S. A. (retired), Police Commissioner of Greater New York (fired), has gone to Nova Scotia. What has happened in his absence is summed up by a New York newspaper as follows: "Although Police Commissioner Bingham has been out of office less than ten days, the 'official tip' has already gone out that New York is again to be a wide-open town, and gamblers are flocking to the city. Upper Broadway yesterday in the vicinity of the Hotel Albany and the Knickerbocker looked like Manhattan in 'the old days.' Little crowds of 'sure-thing men,' 'bank' dealers, and 'wheel rollers' congregated on corners, and a brisk activity in the rental market resulted as a consequence of the many-sided fights for good locations in the White Light for gambling houses."

The *Outlook*, in an editorial which opens the issue for July 10th, says that the New York police situation "is something far more than an incident of local municipal administration," and puts it down as "as serious a problem as any in that whole range of serious problems which concern municipal government."

Even the extremely conservative *Evening Post* boldly asserts: "Shyster lawyers, steerers, gouging bondsmen, and others of the piratical crew who hang about the police courts of the city are adding their voices to the chorus of thankfulness sung by those who feared Commissioner Bingham."

Three years and a half ago General Bingham was made Police Commissioner of New York. Whatever Mr. Bingham may or may not be personally, no one can question his sincerity and his honesty of purpose. If he did not drive out the gamblers that thronged the city's thoroughfares, he confined them to the underground abodes. If he did not put out the flame in the red-light district, he turned it down so low that it was much less attractive to the young girls who had been dazed by its brightness in the past. If he could not make the police force what he wanted it to be, he continually raised the standard of the men, as any one with half an eye could see if the different police parades were watched. If he could not close up those pawnshops which were nothing more nor less than banking houses for thieves and brokers' offices for corrupt policemen, he at least made them pay some attention to the statutes of New York. For trying to do his duty as he saw it, General Bingham was "fired" by the present mayor of New York.

Ordinarily JUDGE has nothing to say about the filthy rats that swarm the sewer mains of New York; but when lids are lifted and degenerate rats of the two-legged species are allowed to seek quarters where they may, the sight cannot be passed by unnoticed. JUDGE is a great optimist, but he is inclined to take much the same view as that taken by his neighbor, the *World*, which believes that the solution of the police problem in New York lies in the direction of a State police.

PEN-POINTS.

THE college graduates of the 1909 season are just beginning to learn that they will have to exchange the cap and gown for jumper and overalls if they are going to keep out of the bread line.

* * *

The Pittsburgh *Chronicle-Telegram* bemoans the fact that "Squint-eyed Bob, the Bully of the Woods," is not in Dr. Eliot's list of books for a five-foot library. If Dr. Eliot has omitted your favorite book, tell JUDGE.

A POLICE-EYE VIEW OF NEW YORK CITY.

What New York has become since Commissioner Bingham was removed from office.

GREETING—JULY AND DECEMBER.

(The last Fourth of July was the coldest on record —*New York Daily Paper.*)

Father Firecracker (to Father Christmas-tree)—"Year by year our dispositions are becoming more and more alike."

SOME NATURE ITEMS.

A DOG fancier at Oshkosh has invented a meter which accurately establishes the amiability of the animals he sells, by registering the oscillations of their tails. No dog is allowed to go out of his establishment whose temper has not been so trained that it wags its tail under fifty miles a week, and without special inducements either in kind words or food.

M. Anatole de Boudoir, of Hyeres, France, is in this country selling a specially domesticated breed of French poodle, having a bushy tail that is said to be able to dust the furniture and the bric-a-brac of an ordinary drawing-room in less time, with less breakage, and more thoroughly than this service has yet been rendered by the average domestic servant of commerce. The cost of this household assistant involves an investment which is equivalent to about three months' wages of a Swede, but with kind treatment there is no reason why he should not last for several years in a high state of domestic efficiency.

An enterprising young man in Cherry Valley has trained a giraffe to pluck the fruit which grows in the topmost branches of the trees, and which has hitherto not been available without serious damage to the tree itself. He hires out this talented animal to the fruit-growers of the section on a royalty basis of ten per cent. of the gross daily pluckage, and is reported already to have the animal booked for the full season.

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

Aeronaut—"Cheer up, old chap; the chances are we'll be rescued before we drop another mile."

A QUESTION OF DECISION.

Ethel—"Oh, yes; she's a decided blonde."

Myrtle—"When did she decide?"

Abner Dillbecker, of Penn Yan, has on sale a variety of goldfish that sheds its scales every Monday morning, the singularly valuable quality of which is that they assay twenty ounces of gold to the ton. A nugget made of a two years' accumulation of scales from one globeful of these valuable fish was sold to a goldsmith last June for forty-seven dollars.

Jacking for bullfrogs has become a popular and profitable sport in Louisiana. Like the deer, the frog finds himself very much interested in brilliant lights, and his curiosity results in his undoing. As soon as the light shines in his eyes, he jumps aboard the nearest lily-pad and tries to stare it out of countenance, and, while he is doing this, it is an easy matter to lasso him or hit him on the head with a club. An ordinarily active frog hunter, with a dark lantern and a blackjack or a length of clothesline, can bag with ease over a hundred portions of frogs' legs in the course of an evening's hunt. It is not considered sportsmanlike to chase frogs with dogs in Louisiana, and the new method is hailed with delight by devotees of this particular pursuit.

GOOD MANAGEMENT.

Boss's wife—"So this is the new office-boy? I suppose you behave like a little gentleman, especially if there are ladies present."

Willie—"You bet! If they're homely ones, the boss takes 'em in and I show 'em out; and if they're good-looking, I show 'em in and the boss takes 'em out."

JUDGE'S FAVORITE

MARIE DORO.

An old, old saying, always rife,
Which, slightly changed, with you accords:
There 's nothing half so sweet in life
As you when playing on the boards.

EVERY OPPORTUNITY.

"WHAT kind of part have I in the new piece? Is there any chance of my pleasing the audience?"

"Every chance. You die in the first act."

COUNTED OUT.

EENIE, meenie, minie, mo,
Teenie buggie, big au-to;
Horsie jumpie—splinter! split!
Chauffeur chuckles, "Gee! you 're hit!"

SIGNS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

A PINK regret, inclosed in a package of your own poetry received in a Monday morning mail, is a sure sign that some editor somewhere is steeped in sorrow. It is also ominous that your manuscript will shortly go off on another journey.

The Chinese believe that it is unlucky to have the roof blown off your house on a Wednesday. This superstition is shared also by the Russians and the natives of the Andaman Islands.

If a pot of red paint falls off the roof after five o'clock on Saturday afternoon and lands on your best Sunday clothes, it is an infallible sign that you will not wear the latter to church on Sunday morning.

It is an almost certain sign that you are going to lose money before long, if you meet a member of the Mafia or some Black Hand operator in a dark alley ten blocks from a policeman on a wet night in July.

An intoxicated cook on Sunday means an empty kitchen on Monday, except in the suburbs, where, in accordance with the principle laid down by that great philosopher, Robert Burns, they hold that "a cook's a cook for a' that!"

QUITE TRUE.

"SNAKE CHARMERS are quite often women."

"So was Eve."

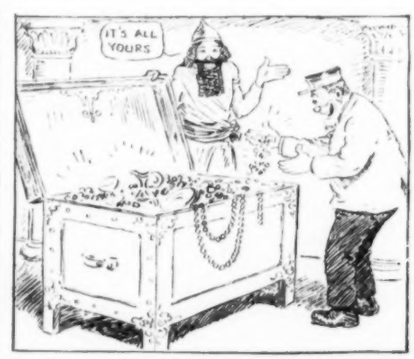
EVERYTHING HAS ITS USE.

"It's a mighty good thing that the glowworms are out to-night, or I 'd never find my way home!"

THE YARNS OF CAPTAIN FIBB.

1. "And that reminds me of the time I wuz cruisin' down the Nile. One day I went inter the tomb of Pharaoh and while I wuz a-gazin' at the mummy of the old king ——

2. —— it suddenly comes to life and steps outer the coffin and walks right up to me and says, familiar like, 'Hello, Bill!' he says.——



3. —— Then he takes me to an old palace and down inter a vault, and shows me the family jewels and plate. Bust me, but that wuz a sight! Gold and silver! diamonds and pearls! millions of dollars' worth! 'They 're all yours, Bill,' he says.——

4. —— After that he takes me to another room where there 's a bunch of bee-u-tiful women. Gee! they were peaches. 'My daughters, Bill,' says he. 'Take your pick of one of them,' says he.——

5. —— And bimeby he takes me up on the roof and shows me a bee-u-tiful city. 'Just drink a cup of this wine and it 's all yours,' says he! Well, boys, I takes a long drink of that wine and then I gits kinder drowsy, and fust thing I knows I falls asleep.——

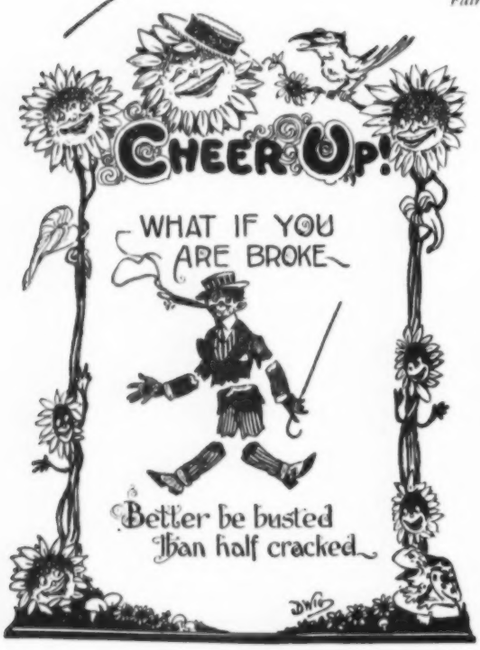
6.—— Well, me hearties, when I wakes up ag in I finds meself in a hospital with a nurse a-standin' over me with a tray full of medicine, and I 'm blest if anybody could tell me how I ever got there! Very queer."

"THE THIRD DEGREE."
When John produces his fiancee.

This drawing, in photogelatine, on heavy plate paper, size 12 x 16, may be had on application to Judge Company, for fifty cents.

FRANK SNAPP '02

SIDE BY SIDE AT THE SEASIDE.
Athletic bather—"I just dote on Browning, don't you?"
Fair bather—"I don't mind browning as long as it doesn't freckle."



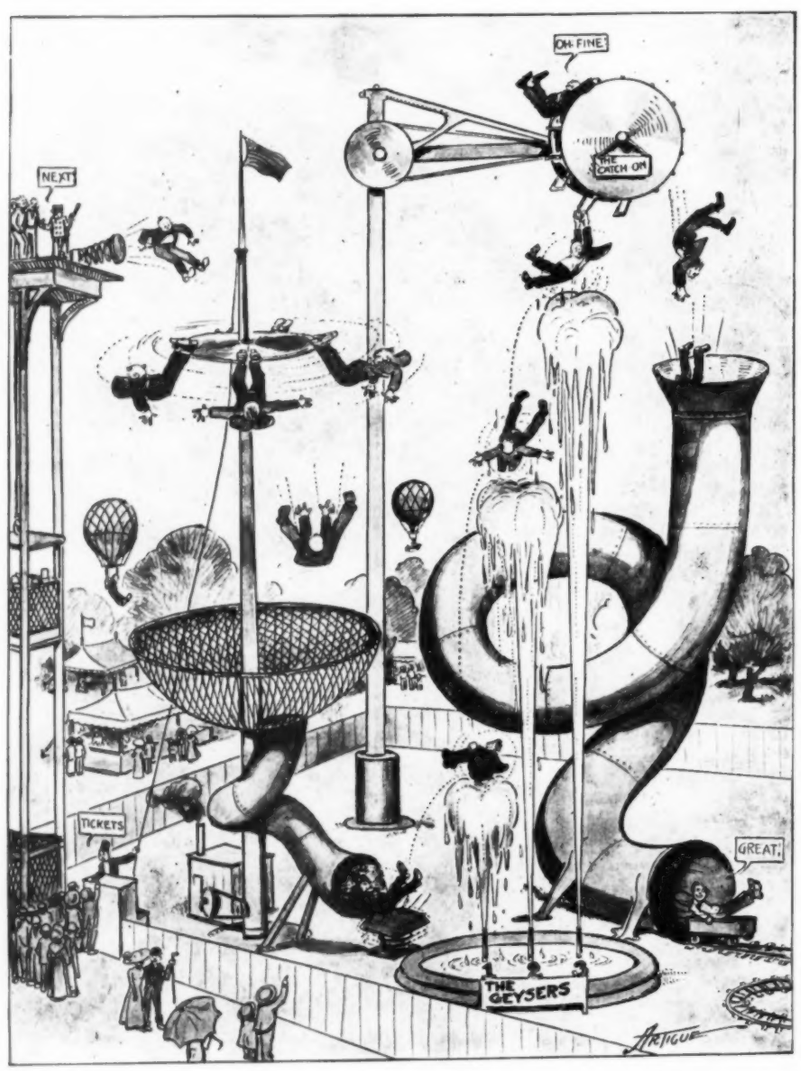
THE NEWER THOUGHT.

THERE is no such thing actually as joy. Happiness is merely subjective; pleasure is the product of the human brain, and is largely the effect of physical conditions. Therefore, as we more and more divorce mind from body, we shall be able to eliminate joy, and on the last day there will be no more joy on earth.

A joke is a mortal error. There was no such thing on earth before the Serpent entered Eden. He was the first wag, and when Adam and Eve had eaten the apple of knowledge, they saw the point of the first practical joke. After the Fall came mothers-in-law, domestic servants, and girl friends; and, after that, the Deluge.

Each morning say to yourself calmly but firmly, "There is no joy. Pleasure does not exist." When you feel a tendency to laugh, tell yourself, "I am not tickled." Thus will you come ultimately to that blessed state of joylessness which has been the aim of all saints and philosophers from Job to Carrie Nation.

WALTER A. DYER.



AMUSEMENT UP TO DATE.
Only twenty-five cents for the trip. Satisfaction guaranteed.

WONDERFUL MAN.

He (declaiming)—"'Roll on, thou dark blue ocean, roll.'"
Week-old bride—"Oh! Edward, it 's doing it."

THE FACETIOUS TRAVELER RETURNS.

HOW DID you like Pittsburgh?"

"It soots me."

"Do you think Boston is a great city?"

"It has bean."

"Did you find Philadelphia the place of sleep they say it is?"

"Not for me; everybody else snored so loud I couldn't."

"Is Washington a good place to live in?"

"Capital."

"How did you find Chicago?"

"Didn't have to; it was there when I arrived."

"How were the mountains back of Denver?"

"Rocky."

"How did they treat you in New Orleans?"

"All the time."

"Well, I'm glad to see you're back."

"How does it look?"

"How does what look?"

"My back; I've never seen it."

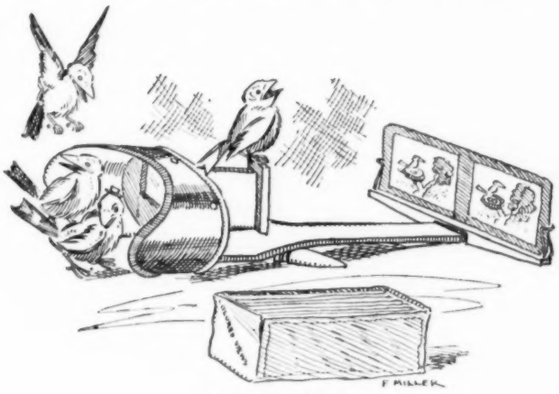
It was then that the assault took place, but the courts, on hearing the evidence, decided that it was justifiable.

HORACE DODD GASTIT.

Gerald—"Shall I have to ask your father for your hand?"
Geraldine—"No; I 'm a believer in direct primaries."

TWO OF A KIND.

Near-sighted maiden—"There is another one of those horrid men trying to flirt with me."



IN BIRD LAND.

"Hi, fellows! come and listen to the illustrated song."

KERNELS.

CORNS stepped on have changed history.

There's a lot of dying done ahead of time.

Some earnest souls get religion; others merely dyspepsia.

A hog oughtn't to be blamed for being one; but a man ought.

Many a bill once loaned shows itself Episcopalian; it keeps lent.

When you have money enough to invest in mining stock—buy an overcoat.

Old age should always be treated with respect—except in spring chickens.

There's no way so sure to find out your ignorance as to try to teach a child.

How fortunate that there are fewer earthquakes than theories of how they happen!

Isn't it a pity that the only folks who know just how to manage children never have any?

The main trouble with the fellow who kills time is that he kills so much that belongs to really busy people.

WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

1. *Hippo*—"I love regular grown-up billy goats—but oh, you kid!"
Kid—"Mla!"
Nervy Nat—"Come away from that subway entrance, you knock-kneed, raw glove material. Well, I see I 'll have to go down there and stop that merger!"

2. *Hippo*—"Well, you like kidney stew—my sho
Nervy Nat—"Now, just for that you shal keep
of thing isn't done, not even amongst the lowe anim
you? Now come ashore at once and don't forge to w
Kid—"Mla!"

4. *Nervy Nat*—"Howdy, Colonel Rosenfelt—don't be alarmed! I take great pleasure in presenting this new animal to you, sir. It is the lipotamus—half lion and half hippopotamus—it lives on deviled ham and raspberry sherbet. If you make a pet of it, name it after yours genially, and I shall feel amply repaid. Dee-lighted—I said it first!"

5. *Colonel Rosenfelt*—"This is a fraud, sir, and yo
zen, an Ananias, and OTHER THINGS, by George!
scoundrel to the frontier!"
Nervy Nat—"Do you know, I don't think A
I 'll take up botany next."

NERVY NAT TURNS

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stew—why shouldn't I like kid knees too?"
you shall keep out of the mud for ten days. That sort
he lower animals. What would Oliver Herford say to
on't forget to wipe your feet."

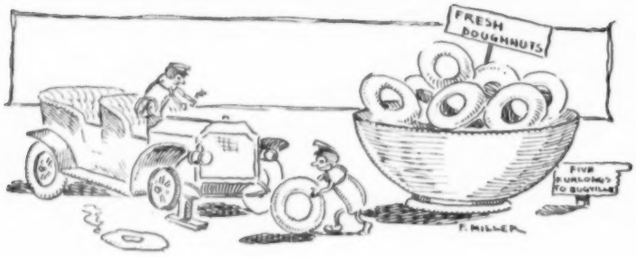
3. *Nervy Nat*—"Keep your chin up, you beef trust, while I tie these utterly false grass whiskers on you—and for Pete's sake hold your breath. Every time you inhale I feel as if a vacuum cleaner was going through me."
Kid—"Mla!"

aud, sir, and you are a nature-fakir, an undesirable citi-
, by George! Booba, you and Bogwomma escort this
don't think Africa is a very nice continent. I believe

6. *Nervy Nat*—"Now, Chicken Gumbo, here's where I draw the color line. You shuffle back to the Colonel and say unto him he might at least have called a taxicab for me, and hereafter to do his own hunting. Now don't stand there looking like the deuce of spades. Make a noise like a pillow and slip away!"

URNS UP IN AFRICA

UBLISHED FIFTH AVENUE AND MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.



"Lucky thing, Bill, that tire gave out when it did."

HINTS FOR THE WELL-DRESSED MAN.

(From the Special Gentleman's Number of the *Gadfly*.)

PATENT-LEATHER pumps attached to silken hose make a very effective footgear for a fireman's ball, but it should always be borne in mind that these are for evening wear, and are bad form for mountain climbing, baseball games, and cross-country runs.

The well-dressed man will take care not to wear full evening dress at breakfast at mountain hotels. It is not only indicative of carelessness of the conventions, but is a direct infringement of the privileges of the head waiter as well.

Adapt your dress to your environment. Do not wear loud clothes in the quiet districts of the country. Red golf jackets are not adapted to strolls through a bull pasture, and the wearing of automobile goggles at soirées and clambakes is discountenanced by our best families.

While the bathing costumes of the ladies at Newport will be as elaborate as usual this season, it has been decided by Cotillion Leaders' Union Number Eleven, having headquarters at the Rhode Island summer capital, that frock coats and silk hats will not be worn in the surf this year by any of the "Who's Whos of American Society."

In the Arctic regions ear-tabs will be worn as usual at all the best functions. A rather natty tab is made of sealskin lined with ermine, with little gold-eyed perforations in the side for the purposes of ventilation and to permit of the hearing of such conversation as is going on around you. The cost of these will, of course, depend somewhat on the size of your ears.

Independents in politics will appear without collars this season, but will be plentifully supplied with cuffs, and, as in the past, spats will be quite in order; but care should be taken that these are not offensively loud.

A handsome motor coat can be made of last season's bathrobe by letting it soak in gasoline for three or four hours, and then covering it with a spatter-work of common-garden road-dust until it takes on a deep tan color. This process will give the garment the required atmosphere, and, if the gasoline is of good oily quality, the color will not run.

An economical necktie for a gentleman-farmer is obtained by letting the beard grow long, and gathering it underneath a celluloid collar and tying the ends into a four-in-hand or a sailor's knot. Fastened with a silver-gilt hairpin, this will attract a great deal of attention.

Baldheaded gentlemen with a remainder of black fringe around the ears and at the base of the brain will do well to avoid red toupees, which carry with them no illusion of youth, or, as the Parisians so naively put it, vraisemblance au naturelle. A good hair-dye can be made at small cost with a mixture of ink and shoe polish—the first to provide the color scheme, and the latter to impart the necessary gloss to the hair.

GNATTY KNICKERBOCKER,
Late Valet to Count Nitzki Di Boodelle.

HELPING ONE ANOTHER.

"Let me see—didn't you tell me to remind you to get something when we got to town?"
"I believe I did."
"What was it?"

INCONSIDERATE NEIGHBORS.

"Say, cut that out! I 'm tryin' to get some sleep."

A TEMPTATION OF TO-DAY.

"SIR, my grandmother is dead," announced the dreamy-eyed, cherub-faced office-boy.

"But it is not the baseball season," the brutal employer countered.

"No; but the McGuire fellies have challenged the McGinnis gang to a Marathon across the Hackensack meadows, and I'm to be Dorando," declared the youth, allowing his enthusiasm to overcome his caution.

HANDICAPPED BY AVOIRDUPOIS.

MY MOTHER sometimes says, "This cream's
Too thin to whip." Oh, my!
I wonder if, should I grow thin,
She'd that same rule apply?

A CHANGE OF SUBJECT DESIRED.

Small—"A normal human brain weighs two pounds fifteen ounces."

Waite—"Let's talk about things that concern us."

SOME performers take great pains with their music; others give them.

"GUESTS BURNING GAS ALL NIGHT CHARGED EXTRA."
Willie—"You was bein' discussed in the kitchen to-day, Mr. Stop-till-dawn."
Sister's suitor—"When was this, Willie?"
Willie—"Just after the gas man called."

HER AMBITION.

Maud—"Would you marry a widower?"

Dolly—"No, I wouldn't. The man I marry I am going to tame myself."—*Illustrated Bits.*

AN EASY BEGINNING.

Uncle Ellery—"Now I'll learn ye to milk the cow."

Nephew from the city—"Oh, unkie, I'm kinder 'fraid o' the cow. Couldn't just as well learn on the calf?"—*Life.*

HOME TESTING.

SURE AND EASY TEST ON COFFEE.

To decide the all-important question of coffee, whether or not it is really the hidden cause of physical ails and approaching fixed disease, one should make a test of 10 days by leaving off coffee entirely and using well-made Postum.

If relief follows, you may know to a certainty that coffee has been your vicious enemy. Of course you can take it back to your heart again if you like to keep sick.

A lady says: "I had suffered with stomach trouble, nervousness, and terrible sick headaches ever since I was a little child, for my people were always great coffee drinkers and let us children have all we wanted. I got so I thought I could not live without coffee, but I would not acknowledge that it caused my suffering.

"Then I read so many articles about Postum that I decided to give it a fair trial. I had not used it two weeks in place of coffee until I began to feel like a different person. The headaches and nervousness disappeared, and, whereas I used to be sick two or three days out of every week while drinking coffee, I am now well and strong and sturdy seven days a week, thanks to Postum.

"I had been using Postum three months and had never been sick a day, when I thought I would experiment and see if it really was coffee that caused the trouble; so I began to drink coffee again, and inside of a week I had a sick spell. I was so ill I was soon convinced that coffee was the cause of all my misery, and I went back to Postum, with the result that I was soon well and strong again and determined to stick to Postum and leave coffee alone in the future."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE OLD STERN-WHEELER.

When I read the summer folder of some Eastern river boat,
Boasting that she is the speediest and grandest craft afloat—
"Two or three big steel propellers," and perhaps turbine at that—
My thoughts they sort of wander to a steamboat, broad and flat,
A steamboat built for comfort, without so many wheels
(Though, if she heard a challenge, she was sure to show her heels).
Yes, the throbbing stern-wheel packet that used to make the trip
Down along the muddy waters of the good old Mississip.

Oh, the dreamy churn that soothed you as you stretched out near the wheel,
And watched the paddles churning up a catfish or an eel!
And the foamy wake went winding like a serpent, yellow-green,
And the panorama passing in an ever-changing scene;
The moss-grown wrecks and levees and the landings high above,
The shouting of the rousters as they'd lift and tug and shove,
The singing of the bowline as the men would let it slip—
Were things not soon forgotten down along the Mississip.

I have rode on river steamers in the North and in the East,
And I felt on pins and needles all the way, to say the least.
There was too blamed much discipline and too blamed many airs.
The crew, all rigged in uniform, looked just as fierce as bears;
While the captain, in his buttons and his military cap,
Looked like he'd call for irons if you gave his back a tap
And said, "Come, have a julep, old man; you need a nip!"
Like you'd ask the river captains down along the Mississip.

Night along the Mississippi and the stern-wheel thumping slow,
And the dreamy song that reached you from the stokers down below;
The noise in the card-room and the tinkling in the bar,
The scent of sweet molasses mingled with the smell of tar;
Some levee village passing like a far-off gleaming speck,
And the planters talking politics out on the upper deck—
Oh, that was river travel, and they'll never beat the trip,
Aboard an old stern-wheeler down along the Mississip.

VICTOR A. HERMANN.

EXTRA! EXTRA!
SPECIAL NOTICE TO EMPLOYES!!!

On and after this date all requests for leave of absence because of toothache, severe colds, and minor physical ailments, or on account of funerals, picnics, church socials, and the like, must be handed to the boss before ten a. m. (on the morning of the game).

THE OLD ADAM.

"I wonder why three-fourths of the stenographers in business offices are women?"

"I guess it is because men like to feel that there is at least one class of women whom they can dictate to."—*Baltimore American.*

WISDOM BORN OF EXPERIENCE.
Miss Knicker—"Why did Jones want to marry an orphan?"
Mr. Bocker—"So that she wouldn't recognize the excuses her father used to make."

Insure Your Pleasure

when Fishing, Sailing, Camping, Hunting, Golfing, Motoring or staying at home by keeping a supply of

Evans Ale

always on hand. Ideal Beverage for all occasions.
In "Splits" too. Leading Dealers.
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

SORRY SHE SCREAMED.

The young man kissed her and she screamed.

"What's the trouble, Kitty?" demanded a stern voice from up-stairs.

"I—I just saw a mouse," she fibbed.

Presently the young man claimed another kiss, and the scream was repeated. Again came the stern voice: "What is it this time?"

"I just saw another mouse."

Then the old man came down with the house cat, a mouse trap, and a can, and sat in a corner to watch developments.—*New York Sun.*

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"I thought you said May Nagget had married a good-natured man."

"So she did."

"Nonsense! I met him yesterday, and he's a grouch."

"Well, he's been married to May for nearly four months now, you know."—*Catholic Times.*

BOTH PLEASED.

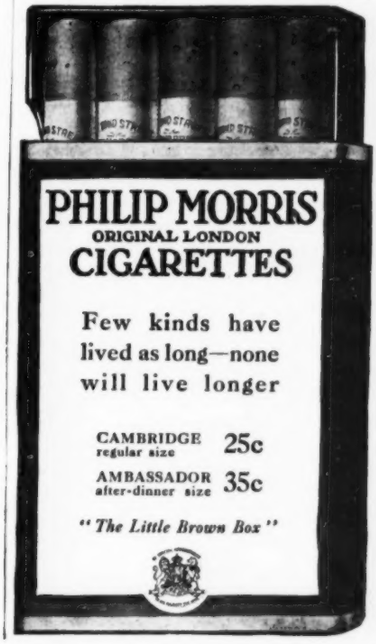
Swift—"Jones and his wife seem to be very fond of musical comedy."

Smith—"Yes, indeed; his wife goes to see what the women in the audience have on, and Jones goes to see what the girls on the stage have off."—*Troy Budget.*

RATHER MIXED.

He wasn't especially great on Biblical history, but he made an attempt to answer the question, "Who was Esau?" and this is how he did it:

"Esau was a gentleman who wrote fables and sold the copyright for a mess of potash."—*Circle Magazine.*



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Always the Same Good Old Blatz
First in Quality and Character
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BLATZ BEER
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Order a case sent home
Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet
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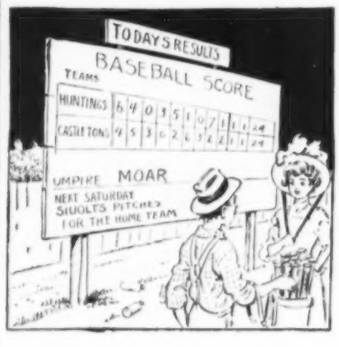
JUDGE'S PRIZE PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST

Open to all, whether subscribers to JUDGE or not. There is no charge or consideration of any kind other than your ability to work out the six names and to write the very brief article about JUDGE.

Each of the first five pictures represents some city in the United States. The sixth picture represents some product advertised in this issue of JUDGE. Can you name the five cities and tell us what the product is? If so, write these six names down and send them to us with a little article—not over two hundred words—about what feature you like least in this issue of JUDGE. For your skill in solving the puzzles and in writing the article JUDGE will send $5 for the best reply received at this office before August 15th, 1909. To those sending the next five best replies with correct or nearest correct solutions $1 each will be paid. To those sending the next twenty best replies as above *Judge's Library* will be sent free for one year. To those who send in the next best twenty replies as above, a year's subscription to *Judge's Quarterly* will be given.



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Send your reply to Puzzle Editor, City Contest

JUDGE

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

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IT'S A COLD
In Summer
IT'S BOWEL COMPLAINT
Be good to your poor old stomach these hot days and restless nights. Don't ask it to assimilate raw, rank, nondescript whiskies. Give it good, pure, gentle old
I.W. HARPER
FIRST AID TO DIGESTION

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Everyone admires a clear complexion. It's an open secret that Pears' Soap has brought the glow of health to millions of fair faces.
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Opens June 20th. Fishing, boating, golf, etc.
Send for booklet to
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Can be told about
Great Western Champagne
—the Standard of American Wines
There is nothing to conceal in its production. It is PureGrape Juice, fermented and aged to exact perfection for healthfulness, possessing the bouquet and flavor that connoisseurs desire.
"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."
PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,
Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y.
Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

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BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER
After Shaving.
Insist that your barber use Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is Antiseptic, and will prevent any of the skin diseases often contracted. A positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. *Sample free.*
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

The Barber's Guide. Secrets for all. How to get tips. How to put it over 'em in hotel and depot shops. The secret of honing. How to take advantage of the long hours. How to hold your trade. Why barbers become discouraged with the trade, etc. Particulars free.
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BARBERS MAKE SIDE MONEY
The best thing out. Travel anywhere and make good money. Write at once.
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of Canadians think Gooderham & Worts "Special" is the best Whisky made. Millions in the United States have not even tried it. United States stock carried in the warehouses of Messrs. Wakem & McLaughlin, Chicago, Illinois.

THE IDEA!

Mrs. Henpeck—"John, you *absurd* thing! *Why* do you persist in wearing that little flag stuck in your hat?"

Mr. Henpeck—"Just a blind, my dear. I want people to imagine I'm enjoying myself!"

TIME TO PRAY.

(Mr. Kipling, please forgive.)

Too bad Kipling's Fool didn't make his prayer
In 1909!
What a time he could have choosing hanks of hair!
And bones are so chic, and rags are so fair!
(And the girl doesn't mind when the Fool doesn't care
In 1909.)

Oh, the Year of the Sheath! (No skirts underneath,
And the lingerie made by hand!)
It belongs to the women, quick to know
How to *Vampire* Fools with checkbooks to show.
(*We* know they understand!)

The Fool with "goods" and wishing them *spent*
(In 1909)
Should speak to her of his "sure intent."
When the lady finds it is *cash* that is meant,
She will *help* him "follow his natural bent,"
In 1909!

There is no toil lost—there is no spoil lost,
And not one *good thing* is banned!
We have reached the year when the woman *knows* why,
And she'll help the Fool to *find out* why.
(*Then* he will understand!)

Now Kipling's Fool was stripped to his hide,
But in 1909
It's the *Lady* who's lost a great deal of *side*.
(This year holds the record for *hip suicide!*)
It's amazing she *lives* when *so much of her died*
In 1909!

It's really a shame, but this year it's the same
As to Fools getting *stung*. Good land!
She knows when he's *flush!* (And when he is "shy,"
She has very good reason for knowing just why!)
She always *did* understand!

—*Charlotte Baldwin in Life.*

SHARP PRACTICE AT A BAZAAR.

Lady Grace—"Come along, he won't buy any."

Lady Beatrice—"He'll have to as soon as he moves. He's bound to break them!"

—*London Punch.*

HIGH LIFE BEER
MILLER-MILWAUKEE

Enjoy a Personally Conducted Tour by—

Illustrations by
James Montgomery Flagg

If You Haven't Read
Nervy Nat's Adventures
you've missed a good share of life's fun. He insists upon getting into scrapes. Can't help himself. And you're glad he can't, for it's a pile of fun to watch his maneuvers. He laughs his way into your affections by his colossal nerve.

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Postpaid

Judge Company
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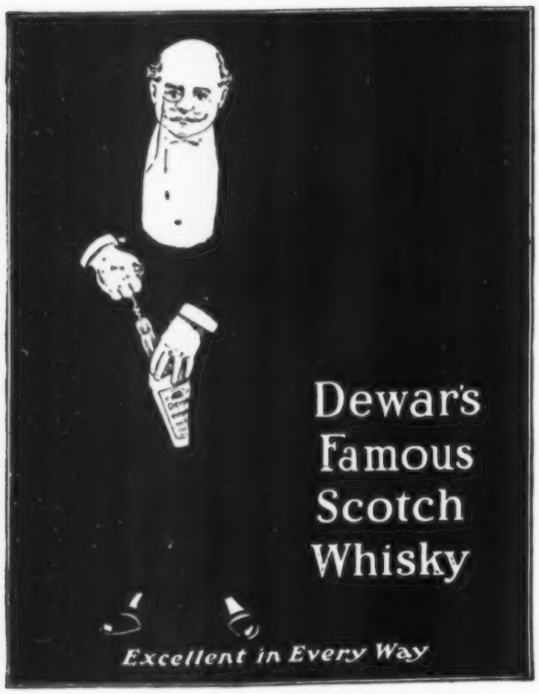


GREAT INDUCEMENT.

A woman, desperately anxious to secure a maid, had this enticing advertisement inserted in the daily paper: "Wanted—A maid; desirable locality; only half a block from police station."—*Circle Magazine.*

James Montgomery Flagg

Copyright, 1909, Judge Company

"THE ONLY WAY TO EAT AN ORANGE"

Photogravure in Sepia, 12 x 16
FIFTY CENTS

Hand-colored
ONE DOLLAR

James Montgomery Flagg

Copyright, 1909, Judge Company

"THE THIRD DEGREE"

WHEN JOHN PRODUCES HIS FIANCEE

Plate-marked Photogelatine Print in Sepia, 12 x 16

FIFTY CENTS

Trade supplied by
W. R. ANDERSON CO.,
32 Union Square, New York.

QUALITY PRINTS

for your bungalow, den, college room, or club—all interesting subjects depicting real men and women in moments which all have experienced. PRINTS OF GENUINE HUMAN INTEREST.

New Prints Circular Mailed for a Two-cent Stamp

JUDGE COMPANY
225 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

Smiles of Contemporaries

HUMOR OF INSURANCE APPLICATION.

The way in which application forms for insurance are filled up are often more amusing than enlightening in the following excellent selections:

Mother died in infancy.

Father went to bed feeling well and the next morning woke up dead.

Grandfather died suddenly at the age of one hundred and three. Up to this time he bid fair to reach a ripe old age.

Applicant does not know anything about maternal posterity, except that they died at an advanced age.

Applicant does not know cause of mother's death, but states that she fully recovered from her last illness.

Applicant has never been fatally sick.

Father died suddenly; nothing serious.

Applicant's brother, who was an infant, died when he was a mere child.

Grandfather died from gunshot wound caused by an arrow shot by an Indian.

Applicant's fraternal parents died when he was a child.

Mother's last illness was caused from chronic rheumatism, but she was cured before death.—*British Medical Journal.*

AN AMUSING BLUNDER.

It was last summer, at a Chautauqua, that an embarrassed chairman managed to make one of the funniest blunders ever made, in introducing the great Commoner. Mr. Bryan was billed to deliver his lecture on "The Prince of Peace," which, as is evident from its title, is a semi-religious and highly moral exhortation. Doubtless the chairman knew this, but doubtless also he was not without worldly knowledge as well, for he wound up his presentation of the lecturer with, "It is now my pleasure to introduce William Jennings Bryan, who will give you his celebrated address upon 'The Prince of Pilsen.'"—*Spare Moments.*

ROUGH ON BOTH.

Magistrate—"You say that you did not know you were violating the law. Ah, but, my dear sir, ignorance of the law is no excuse for any man."

Prisoner—"That's rather rough on both of us, ain't it, your honor?"—*New York Journal.*

Many Physicians recommend Abbott's Bitters as a tonic.

A JOURNEYMAN PLUMBER.

The householder smothered his wrath and descended to the basement. "Are you the plumber?" he asked of the grimy-looking individual who was tinkering with the pipes in the cellar.

"Yes, guv'nor," answered the man.

"Been long in the trade?"

"'Bout a year, guv'nor."

"Ever make mistakes?"

"Bless yer, no, guv'nor."

"Oh, then, I suppose it's all right. I imagined you had connected up the wrong pipes, for the chandelier in the drawing-room is spraying like a fountain, and the bathroom tap's on fire!"—*Weekly Telegraph.*

Advertising manager in a Chicago department store came to grief when he advertised for a "window dresser" and the comps left out the "n" in window.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

BINDER
FOR 52 WEEKS OF
JUDGE
$1.25

BACK NUMBERS WANTED.

THE following issues of JUDGE are wanted to complete a set of files, and the editor will be glad to have from subscribers or others, who desire to dispose of their books, full information concerning the binding, condition of papers, price, etc.:

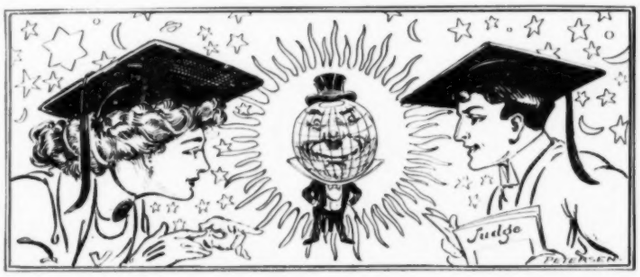
June 24, December 2 and 30, 1882; February 17, May 5, and June 23, 1883; December 13, 1884; September 5 and 19, 1885; May 12, 1888; May 17 and July 5, 1890; September 12 and December 5, 1891; December 17, 1892; February 17, 1894; February 9, 1895; October 30, 1897; February 24 and September 8, 1900.

SEVEN A. M.—'NOUGH SAID.

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water."

Now ready, 1909 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanack," the hit of 1908. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., N. Y. City.



Cap and Gown Smiles

ADDITION.

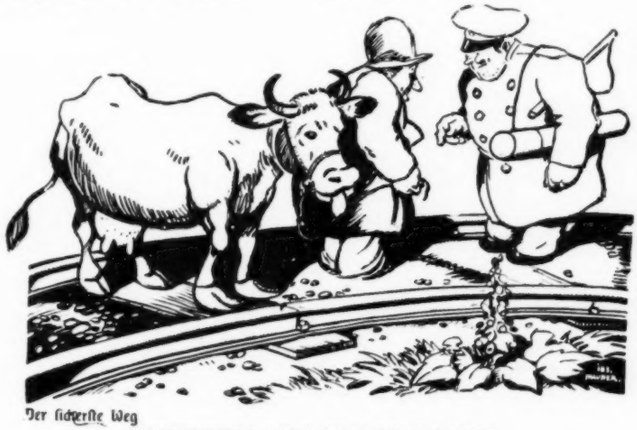
Teacher—"You can't add two different kinds of things. For instance, you can't add an orange and an apple and get more apple."

Johnny—"But, teacher, when you add a piece of meat and a dog, you get more dog."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

HARD LUCK.

The lady—"But why have you left your other positions so often?"

The would-be cook—"Please, ma'am, because I've got nine brothers, four of 'em policemen, and none of my mistresses'll believe that they are my brothers!"—*Red Hen.*



PERFECTLY SAFE WHERE HE WAS.

Railway official to villager—"Don't you know it is dangerous to be where you are?"
Villager—"Dangerous? Why, man, not a motor-car can touch me here!"
—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

WELL QUALIFIED.

Head of weather bureau—"What qualifications have you for a position in our department?"

Applicant—"In a bean-guessing contest once up State, I guessed six hundred and twenty, and there were eighteen thousand four hundred and sixty beans in the jar."—*Yale Record.*

BOTH IN THE SAME BOAT.

Julia—"Going to Marie's dance?"

Bertha—"I shall be out of town that night."

Julia—"I wasn't invited, either."—*Cornell Widow.*

A GOOD REASON.

Cholly—"Why wouldn't the barber give you a shampoo?"

Weggie—"Said they had no vacuum cleaners."—*Yale Record.*

A great mistake for married people to make is to think they couldn't have done any worse.—*Ex.*

BRAINLESS BUG.

The lightning bug is brilliant,
But it hasn't any mind;
It travels through the darkness
With its headlight on behind.
—*Cornell Widow.*

ELI'S GRAD.

Eli had a little grad
Whose love was all aglow,
And every time reunions came,
The grad was sure to go.
—*Yale Record.*

When Yale meets Vassar.—*Yale Record.*

THE PROPOSAL.

He (nervously)—"Er—er—Margaret—er—er—there's something has been trembling on my lips for the last two months."

She—"Yes, so I see. Why don't you shave it off?"—*Princeton Tiger.*

WEATHER FORECAST.

"The period of the alumni reunions will be wet."—*Cornell Widow.*

Reflected Humor

THE LOST CAR.

Seated one day in the tonneau,
I was timid and ill at ease,
For I heard a sort of rumbling
And a kind of a warning wheeze.

I know not what struck my chauffeur,
Nor what he had struck, nor whom—
But I heard a bombilation
Like the sound of the crack of doom!

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the crash of a rending sky,
And I lay on the burning asphalt
With the motor across my thigh.

It quieted cries and moaning,
Like a man who scolds his wife;
It seemed an unending smash-up
That would speedily end my life.

It linked all my breaks and bruises
Into one perfect pain;
And it rumbled and whizzed and guggled,
As if it would come again.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
The reason for that great sound
That came from the soul of the motor
As it threw me on the ground.

It may be a first-class earthquake
Could bring such a sound to men;
And it may be that only in nightmares
I shall hear that noise again.
—*Carolyn Wells in Harper's Weekly.*

AT THE POORHOUSE.

Young med.—"Is the new wing being built just for those Hebrews?"

Enthusiastic nurse—"Yes; and it's a perfect jewel!"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

The popularity of Abbott's Bitters as a tonic is country wide.

CURBING A NEW CONGRESSMAN.

A new member of Congress from one of the rural districts of Michigan was ambitious to distinguish himself by his oratory, and accordingly watched for a favorable opportunity. At length an occasion presented itself. A motion was made in the House for enforcing the execution of some statute, whereupon the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and, after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows: "Mr. Speaker, have we laws or have we no laws? If we have not laws, and they are not observed, to what end are those laws made?"

So saying, he sat down, his chest heaving high with conscious consequence. Instantly Cox, the clown of the House, with a twinkle in his eye, rose and delivered his thoughts in these words: "Mr. Speaker, did the honorable gentleman who spoke last speak to the purpose or not speak to the purpose? If he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?"

That particular orator never troubled the House again.—*St. Louis Republic.*

CONCERNING A COLLEGE DEGREE.

Mater—"Certainly, Henry, take him into your business. He didn't go through college for nothing."

Pater—"No, my dear, not exactly for nothing."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

THE MODERN WAY.

Heine—"I hear we have to pay ten dollars for our sheepskins this year."

Kleine—"Yes; they're raising the tuition by degrees."—*Amherst Four Leaf Clover.*

AT THE MUSICALE.

"What a marvelous strain that is!" said the musical genius.

"Yes," said the unappreciative; "I, too, feel it."—*Yale Record.*

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

A Natural Whiskey can only be produced in the good old Kentucky way by perfect distillation and careful ageing—such a whiskey is

Sunny Brook
THE PURE FOOD
Whiskey

It is bottled under the direction of U. S. Internal Revenue Officers and sealed with the Government "Green Stamp" upon which is printed the exact Age, Proof and Quantity of whiskey within each bottle.

Sunny Brook Distillery Co.
Jefferson Co., Ky.

CARELESS.

"Bridget, how does it happen that I saw you giving that wretched policeman a piece of mince pie in the kitchen last night?"

"'Cause I forgot to fill up the keyhole, mum."—*English Answers.*

EVERY WOMAN

is interested and should know about the wonderful **MARVEL WHIRLING SPRAY DOUCHE**

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies. Address

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Each capsule bears the name MIDY. *Beware of counterfeits.* Sold by all druggists.

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Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lymphol. No lies. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, '01.

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BLAIR'S PILLS

SAFE & EFFECTIVE. 50c & $1 DRUGGISTS.

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OUT OF REPAIR.

City boarder (who has been invited to milking)—" Hi say, Mr. Fawmer, she won't give down milk. I do believe her fawcets are out of hordah and, don't-chew-know, I think she needs a plumbah."

WATCHING AND WAITING.

Mrs. Dolan (after much hesitation)—"These termaties don't look ripe enough to ate."
Vender (painfully)—" Oi guess they will be by the time yez make up yer moind to buy thim."